3:Westermann E-5 (1910) 1912 FJ23 Shilluk FJ23

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is, that this will keep them from using abusive language. — Some natives say, members of the royal family do not remove the incisors; but of this I am not sure.

[641] TRIBAL MARKS
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The tribal marks of the Shilluks, women as well as men, are from three to five rows of dots across the forehead. The regular instrument for tattooing these dots into the skin is a crude iron similar in shape to our scalpel. But not infrequently individuals are met with who have not these marks. Sometimes women have from one to three rows of small scars across their foreheads. These are in most or all cases simply caused by wearing bands of buttons drawn tightly across the forehead. Tattoosings on other parts of the body are seldom.

302 SHAVING
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The women wear either no or only short hair on the head; they shave their heads with a razor consisting of a straight piece of thin iron, whose edge is sharpened, or with a short piece of iron with one side beaten out to a thin edge. But lacking a razor they use almost any metal instrument they can get hold of for this purpose. Both sexes scrupulously remove any hair on the body by pulling it out with a kind of pincers; the men even pull out their beard and eyelashes. — They do not circumcise.

302 HAIR-DRESSINGS

The men, chiefly youths, indulge in elaborate hair-dresses of varied forms. Each hair-dressing takes several hours to arrange, and has to last for weeks, the natural occasion for renewing it being a village-dance, where everyone wants to appear at his best; in dressing it, the hair is first loosened with a stick, which serves at the same time for scratching the head. Then it is twisted and brought into the right form by means of a mixture of gum, mud, and sometimes cow-dung; from time to time oil or butter is poured on it. In order not to spoil the hair-dressings while sleeping, the neck is supported by neck-supports.

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Sometimes the hair is bleached either yellowish-red or grey. Bleached hair is generally not twisted or dressed, but is left standing out in all directions "like the feathers of a fighting cock." Bleaching is done by smearing a thick plaster of ashes, chalk and cow-dung on the hair and leaving it there for about two or three weeks. Another mode of bleaching is to rub the plaster well into the hair, then gathering it up from the back, and bringing it forward, forming it into the shape of a horn. While in this state, they must be very careful not to break it, lest the hair is broken off. The same result is obtained by washing the hair continually with cow-urine. These processes take the kink as well as the colour out of the hair. This bleached bristle-like hair together with their tall, thin body covered with ashes or brick-dust, and the want of eyelashes sometimes gives the people, in the eyes of one who has never seen them before, a rather frightful appearance. Boys wear their hair in little knobs, formed with red earth and fat. Cowrie-shells, in strings or single, are often twisted into the hair, and

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11: Oyler M-5 (ca. 1918)1919 FJ23 Shilluk FJ23

754 The evil medicine man takes advantage of the carelessness of the people. A man may be gathering the old stalks on his field to burn them, but fails to burn them that evening. An evil medicine man comes at night and burns them, and then the owner gets the ashes on his hands, and his hands swell. Or the large stick used in planting the grain may be left in the field at night, and the owner of the malignant power enters the field, and burns it. The grain will grow well till it gets to be almost ready to yield the harvest, when it is burned by the sun so that it dies. Water that is left in the garden over night may be defiled, and the people who drink it die.

The evil charmer is envious of the successful fisherman. He gets a bone of a fish that the man has caught. The fish bone is burned in the fire. That works a charm on the fish spear, so that in the future it will not be able to take the fish.

Accidents which terminate in blindness are caused by the evil medicine men.

513 In the hot season, when the people sleep in their yards, the evil medicine man comes at night and sprinkles blood on the sleepers, and they die.

751 After a person has been buried, the grave is watched for three or four 754 nights lest the man of evil should take a bit of the earth, and by working a charm on it kill the whole family of the deceased; but after a short time he can not work that charm, so at the end of the fourth day the watchmen are dismissed.

751 When with an evil medicine man it is well to be on the alert. When a 754 person is sitting with a man of that class, when he gets up he should brush the ground where he has been sitting so as not to leave an imprint of his body for the man to use in his witchcraft. When a person sees such a man walking behind him, he should return, and if the man is stepping exactly in his tracks, he should be taken and made to ransom the man as he was killing him. It is not safe to sleep in the same house with them, as they may defile a person in his sleep. In eating with them it is best to stop before a person is satisfied. To strike an evil medicine man is to invite certain death. The people have the habit of asking a person to wash their 515 backs when they are bathing. Should a person ask an evil medicine man to do that favour for him he will be very itchy all that night, and later have sores all over his back.

The homesteads are arranged in roughly horse-shoe shape around an open space in which are tethered the sheep and cattle of the hamlet. Within this space is usually a very large hut (*luak*) used for animals in the rains and throughout the year as a guest-house and general village club. There is also usually a normal sized hut, with no surrounding fence, known as the *geu*, which is used as a dormitory by the unmarried men. In this hut are put the ashes of the cattle dung with which the young men cover themselves at night for warmth and protection from flies. Some villages have a tree in the central circle, but more often there is a complete and inhospitable absence of shade.

The homestead (*gol*) consists of two huts between which is an area enclosed by a fence of dura stalks or rough grass matting. The family group inhabiting the homestead is called also (presumably by transference) *gol*, and it is in this latter sense that the word *gol* will be used in this note.

In this sense *gol* is the smallest (though important) social unit in the tribe. An unmarried man does not own a homestead. All unmarried persons live in the homestead and adhere to the *gol* of their father. If their father is dead they adhere to the *gol* of their eldest married brother or, if they have none, to their deceased father's (married) brother. The owner of the homestead to which they adhere is the leader of their *gol*, and as such is responsible for the behaviour of its members. This vicarious responsibility on the part of the *gol* leader is a corollary to the principles of the ownership of cattle (and sheep). The cattle of the *gol* are owned and disposed of by the *gol* leader alone, and since the remedy for a wrong is a payment of cattle it follows that he and not the actual malefactor is held responsible. The position resembles that of the Roman family where the pater-familias alone is *sui juris*, all others being *alieni juris*. The Shilluk *filius familias*, however, becomes *sui-juris* on marriage which the Roman son did not. The vicarious responsibility of the *gol* leader has the convenient aspect that the *gol* leader is more easily found by the arm of the law than the actual malefactor because of the fact that he owns a homestead.

29:Dempsey M-5 (1940-1954) 1955
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more practical purpose of tethering the cattle as towards sunset they come winding back from the pasture. In the hot months, if there is no danger from lions, they are left all night in the open and the byre is used as a dormitory by the boys and unmarried men of the village. It is the custom, too, for the unmarried girls to sleep together in vacant huts in the village, for the sleeping hut of a household is reserved for the householder and his wife and small children.

The rear part of the store hut is taken up by an enormous circular grain basket, four feet high and the same in diameter, standing clear of the floor on a wooden, three-legged stand and safe from the depredations of white ants. Whenever possible, cooking is done outside, but during the rains it is done over a fire of sticks or millet stalks burning in a hollow scooped out in the floor near the wall. A variety of pots clutters the floor space: the large earthenware water pot, an earthenware pot and a shallow iron dish for cooking, small beer pots, a number of drinking bowls made from the tough rinds of gourds neatly halved and dried in the sun. The roofing poles, resting on the mud walls and rising to an apex, form convenient places for tucking away household goods and personal treasures. Such an item one cannot fail to notice is that of several large heads of grain; these are stored for the next season's planting, and no matter how desperate the food situation may become, they will remain untouched, for the next year's supply of food depends on this stock of seed. Behind the poles also may be found a fragment of a mirror, a couple of cigarette tins holding a little oil or a handful of beads, a girl's blue dancing cloth or even the good wife's best Sunday frock, run up for her by the Sisters from some material brought from Kodok, probably some dreadful riot of green and red and yellow, hideous indeed to Western eyes, but to the proud owner more delightful than any Paris creation. Sometimes, to a visitor's distress, a line is slung across the hut on which hang dried fish or strips of meat. The high tone of these delicacies, the myriads of flies they attract and the thick, black smoke of the fire which, having no means of getting away, fills the hut, do not make

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like bellows, and then passes it on. Pipe and beer circulate freely, and under the mellowing influence of both, tongues are quickly loosened and conversation turns to the perennial topic of cattle. After a while, your cigarette finished, you will excuse yourself to your host and, rising from your cramped position, greet everyone present in turn and make your escape into the open air.

The Shilluk, sensible man, starts his day with the sun. He emerges from his hut, however, with heavy head and blood-shot eyes, since he has been sleeping for seven or eight hours in a small windowless hut with the doorway blocked with a heavy grass mat and perhaps a smoky fire burning as a protection against mosquitoes. As a further defence against these pests he covers himself from head to foot with the red ashes from the cow-dung fire, but this does not worry him; if there is water handy he may rinse his hands and face, if not, he will remain as he is until his next visit to the river —perhaps today, perhaps tomorrow or the next day—gives him the chance of taking a bath.

Gradually the village comes to life: the women appear, winding their drab-looking cloths round them, and set off on their daily pilgrimage to the river with the heavy water pots balanced on their heads. The little group breaks up and the women fall into line, one behind the other, as they reach the narrow track leading out of the village, chattering like starlings as they swing along. The boys come out of the byre smothered like their elders in the red ashes in which they have been lying all night, looking like imps from the lower regions. They begin to clean up round the tethered cattle, collecting the cow dung and spreading it out to dry in the sun for fuel. When this is done they milk the cows and goats. From one compound comes the sound of dull thumping as some girl pounds the millet grain into coarse flour. The grain is small and hard, red or white in colour. It is first winnowed by being poured at shoulder height from a basket and then sieved in a boat-shaped scoop of plaited fibre. The grain is then put into a

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643 awakened by a man calling out at my door; very sleepily
797 I asked what was the matter and he replied, 'The king is sick and is calling for the Father to come to him.' The man who called me was a nephew of the king and had already given the king some instruction in the Faith as he was well able to do—he is a catechist in our Detwok mission. I first said Mass and after some breakfast set out for Fashoda, a distance of some twelve miles. I was accompanied by the catechist and the local medical dispenser who was also a Catholic. I had to walk, for the swamps were full and the grass was very high. There was not a breath of wind. Indeed it was a pleasure to wade through the swamps for the cool water was very refreshing to tired and hot feet. We pushed on fast and made only one stop of about five minutes, whilst my escort had a drink. I was offered milk, but as unboiled milk is very dangerous in this country, I refused. When we arrived at Fashoda the whole place had the silence of a sick room; no dogs
[195] barked and all the people spoke in whispers, as is the
[644] custom in Fashoda. I was taken at once to the king's dwelling, which is just the same as any other Shilluk house, except that more care had been taken over its construction. In the house were four women fanning the
[237] king with the wings of a saddle-billed stork and the eldest son of Papiti was there too. As soon as I entered the hut, the king sat up and greeted me; he was lying on the
[513] floor just like any other Shilluk, but he had a thin mattress on top of the usual cow-hide. He seemed very pleased to see me and at once told the women to leave the hut and I began the instruction. My task was easy for he knew Catholic doctrine and believed it; he knew all the obligations of the Faith. When I put the question to him about his wives he said, 'Father, my soul is the main thing now,' and before witnesses he gave me his promise to be a man of one wife. I baptized him 'Joseph' after our Patron, and it was also the feast day of St. Joseph of Cupertino. He received baptism with great devotion and gave me the impression of understanding to the full the meaning of the